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Walker War

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PETEETNEET TOWN, A HISTORY OF PAYSON, UTAH

Pace had chastised the boys of James McFate for being too free and familiar with the Indians. McFate was disfellowshipped because of "some words" that had passed between him and Pace. McFate appealed the case to the High Council at Provo, but Pace refused to appear before the court. Consequently his presidency was taken from him. Later, McFate was re-baptized and all was restored as it had been.

About April 20, 1852, Andrew Jackson Stewart entered a complaint in the High Council at Provo against President Pace for "various little things" and when Pace again refused to go before the High Council his presidency was again taken from him and James McClellan, his counselor, was appointed to preside over the colony "for the time being."

Pace and Gardner received their call to the English mission about August 28th. Both were to leave wives taken in plural marriage and also a number of children. Their absence would indeed place a burden upon the families they left behind, but a call from Brigham Young was synonymous to a command.

They put their affairs in order and departed for their assigned place of labor. During their time abroad their farms were cared for by their wives and their children with the assistance of other members of the colony. Joseph Curtis noted in his journal that he was advised by Elder George A. Smith, visiting in the settlement, that he should "thresh Sister Pace's wheat for her," which he did.

Pace and Gardner would become a means by which more and more converts would depart from England to make their homes in "Zion." Due to the missionary system which had started with organization of the church, many people in England held membership in the Mormon Church.

It was said that in 1850 there were more Mormons in England (27,000) than in the United States (11,000). To be baptized was a pledge to "gather to Zion" and many of the converts were then emigrating to America. Living conditions were poor in England, work in the coal mines and factories was intolerable. In contrast, free land in the United States was offered with "all the land you need" as an enticement. Over 100,000 people were helped to emigrate through the Perpetual Emigration Company (formed in 1849 and disbanded in 1887) which provided a revolving fund to be repaid after the converts reached America.

The Saints celebrated Independence Day in 1852 with horse races held at the flat above the hill

to the south of the fort. The next day they went back to their work in the fields, in the canyon and in their homes.

The Payson Post Office Established

Post Offices were established in Payson, Springville and American Fork in 1852, according to the church chronology kept by Andrew Jensen. John T. Hardy was the first appointed post master of Payson and the Post Office was set up in a room at his home located at approximately 53 East First North Street. Prior to this, Lucinda Pace, wife of James Pace, had handled the mail in her home and was actually the first post mistress in Payson.

1853

The City Incorporated and a Mayor Elected

David Crockett was the first mayor of Payson. He was elected immediately after the settlement was incorporated as a city and he served the term of 1853-1854. Later he was re-elected and served two additional terms, 1855-56 and 1857-58. After this he served a term as alderman in 1859-60 and then moved his family to northern Utah. His son, Alvin, became the first mayor of the City of Logan.

Payson was incorporated January 21, 1853, through action of the Territorial Legislature of Utah. The settlement then included Spring Lake Villa to the south and Summit (Santaquin) to the southwest.

Boundaries of the city were recorded as follows:

Commencing at a point on the east bank of Utah Lake due west from the center of the public square in the City of Payson, in Utah County, thence south one mile, thence east to the mountains, thence along the base of the mountains to a spring known as "Goosenest Spring," thence northerly to a point where the bridge crosses the Pond Town Slough, thence down said slough to Duck Creek, thence west to Peteetneet Creek, and down the main channel of said creek to Utah Lake, thence along the shore of said lake to the place of beginning.

The boundary was reduced on March 6, 1882, some thirty years later.

Early Indian Relations

In the beginning the Indians seemed well pleased with the coming of the white men and visited the fort often. Sowiette said he had buried his son on a mound south of the colony. Brigham Young had advised the settlers to "feed the savages"

rather than fight them" and the red men learned to come again and again begging for food.

The Mormon leader had also advised his people to try to teach the Indians to grow more abundant crops and to teach them the gospel. But in time the Indians came to see that the white men were encroaching upon their lands, fencing their feeding grounds and catching the fish from their streams.

Chief Walker, known as the war chief, had wanted to make war on the whites when they first entered the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, but his wishes had been overruled by others of the Ute tribe and he bided his time. Until 1853 the Indians did little more than run off the white men's stock and steal some of their horses.

John T. Caine spoke of Payson and mentioned the Indians in 1853 when he passed through the settlement enroute to the Hawaiian Islands as a missionary.

He said the second night out of Salt Lake City they camped at Brother Redford's in Provo and the next day passed Palmyra on the right of them and stayed the third night in Payson at Brother Moore's home. At Nephi, he wrote, they "had a little trouble with Chief Walker, but after President Young, who was traveling south to visit the various settlements, and the apostles counseled with Walker, he became peaceful and they all camped together, whites and red men."

The Walker Indian War

About the middle of July, 1853, Chief Arapeen, brother of Walker, and some of his braves came into Payson showing signs of excitement and considerable hostility. They alarmed the settlers to such an extent that a guard was thrown around the fort. However, Arapeen attended church that day, July 17th, and partook of the sacrament, somewhat dispelling the fears of the settlers.

The next day Merlin Plumb and Alexander Keele were appointed to go on guard duty in the southern outskirts of the fort. Plumb was to stand the first watch and Keele the latter. Keele, however, proposed to Plumb an exchange in time, as he preferred the forepart of the night. Plumb agreed and Keele accordingly took his post at dusk.

Later the settlers said that just before dark two Indians had come from the canyon mounted on one horse. The hindmost one carried a gun across the horse's back. They were recognized as friendly Indians and were allowed to pass the guard. They

circled around the inside of the fort and finally returned to again pass through the gate, located in the southeast corner. As they approached the guard, the gun was held so close to Keele that it almost touched him. Then the trigger was pulled and Mr. Keele fell to the ground mortally wounded.

This was the shot that started the Walker War.

After the shooting the Indians fled to the canyons and the next morning fired at some of the settlers who were working at the sawmills. The settlers were Pardon Webb and his family, also Wesley Webb, W. C. McClellan, B. F. Stewart and family, J. E. Daniels, Walter, Louis and J. T. Barney. Some of the men had gone with J. F. Bellows to get wood out of the canyon. George and Joseph Curtis volunteered to ride from Payson to the mill and warn them of the danger. All returned safely.

The Indians, after firing at the settlers at the sawmill, rode south through the canyon to Pleasant Creek (Mt. Pleasant) and there fired on the guard.

The colony was immediately in an uproar. The women took their children into the schoolhouse, a common resort for safety. The men organized themselves to watch or fight, whichever the case might be.

Every man was expected to stand guard one night out of three and no one was allowed to leave the fort except by special permission. Roll call was held every night at sundown in the town square, and a militia was organized in which every man from Lehi south to Santaquin was required to serve.

Now the people of Payson were forced to "fort in." More than two years earlier the settlers had been advised to "picket the fort." This meant a strong fence of log pickets some nine feet high, laid close enough together so as to prevent man or beast from passing through.

The new fort was to be built according to specifications sent by military authorities to "build a fort 60 rods square." Joseph Curtis wrote, "Until August 21st, 1853, I was busily engaged in assisting the brethren to pull down and repair their houses; all willing to form a line of buildings some 60 rods square." The creek ran through the center.

On November 13, 1853, Curtis wrote, "Hauled rock and adobes for four rods of back wall of the fort, put it up with help."

The building and care of the forts throughout the territory were under supervision of the military officers from headquarters, but the work was slow.



CHAPTER VII

CHIEF WALKER

There is a delightful little valley in Payson Canyon known as *Walker's Flat*. It was so called by the Indians because Chief Walker, acknowledged chief of the Ute Indians (Bancroft's History) claimed it as a camping ground. The name of the flat was passed from Indian to white men in the 1850's and from these Mormon settlers to their descendants.

The flat is located midway between Utah Lake and camping grounds to the south in the Sanpete and Sevier valleys. The Indians had roved the area for many snows prior to the coming of the Mormons.

Walker's Flat was an ideal place for an encampment since deer, elk, rabbit and other wild game abounded in the pine and aspen of the mountains that completely surround the little valley. And fish could be taken from the stream that tumbled across the rocks, half hidden in scrub oak, deep in a ravine that circled to the east of the flat.

The flat, itself, would have provided ample space for 80 lodges, known to have been set up when the tribes of the Ute nation met for counsel or festivities.

Chief Walker, for whom the flat was named, was also called Walkara, Walkah, Wauk and Wahker, meaning yellow or brass.

His birthplace has been fairly accurately established as Timpanogos village on the Spanish Fork River called Pequi-nary-no-quint or Stinking Creek (The Contributor IX, P. 162, March 1888, Salt Lake City)

This can mean none other than the stream which flowed from sulphur springs, which are indeed "stinking," in Spanish Fork Canyon. Here a popular bathing resort, Castilla, was established about 1880 and operated at a profit until almost 1925. The springs are all that remain of the resort, but they can be seen by any traveler on Highway 89 between Spanish Fork and Thistle in Utah County.

Walker was one of seven brothers, all except one being remarkable for athletic proportion and all influential men of their tribe. Arapeen, Peteet-neet, San Pete (Sanpitch), Ammon and Tabinaw (Tabby) were to gain chieftainship for themselves in adulthood. Their father was by no means a great chief, but headed one of the obscure clans into

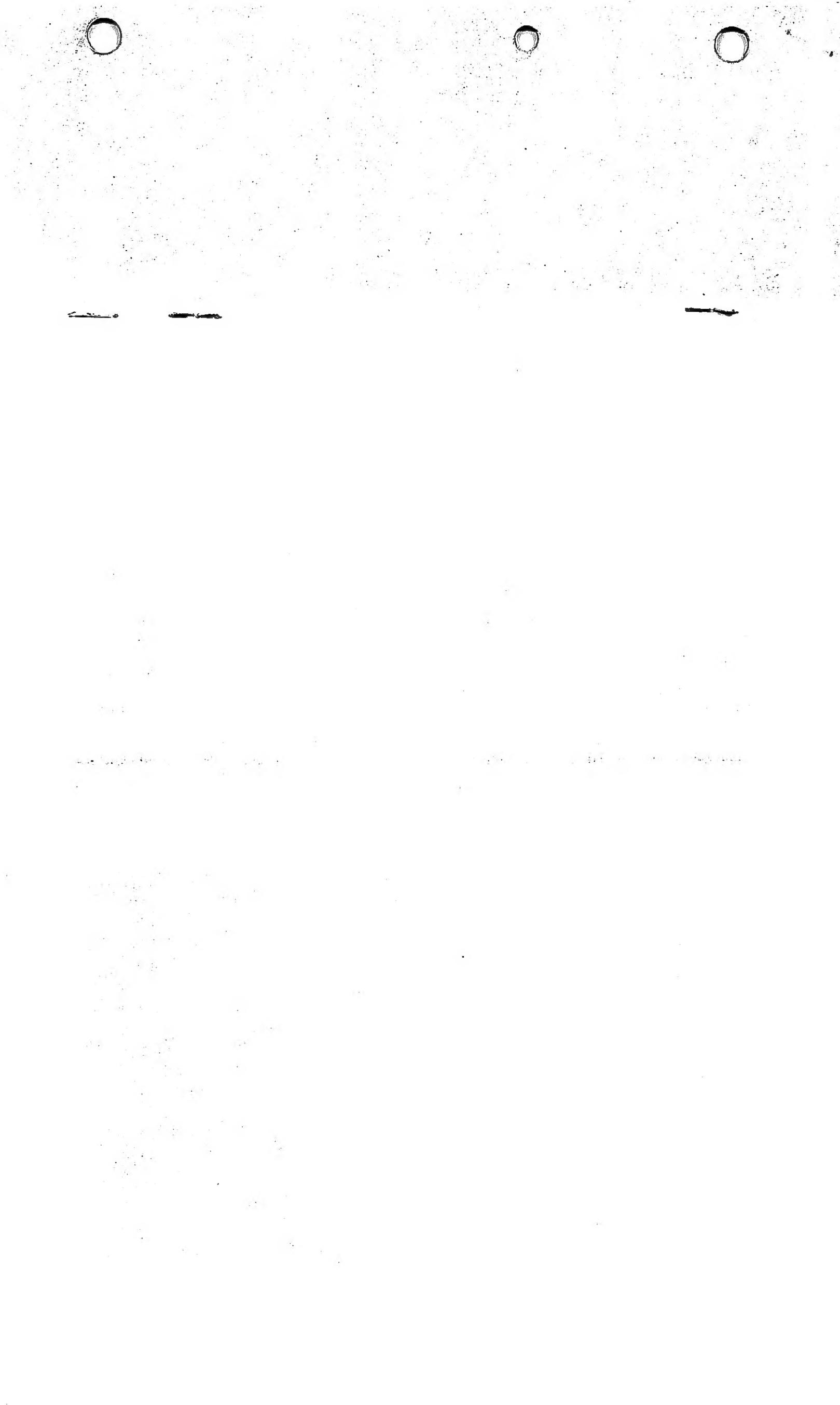
which the Ute nation was then hopelessly divided. He seemed to possess the same penchant for trouble that was characteristic of Walker, and was murdered by members of his own tribe while Walker was yet a youth.

Walker and his brother, Arapeen, carried their dead father about a mile south of Spanish Fork and buried him in Rock Canyon. Then they crawled into the village of the assassins and killed and scalped the four braves who led the murderous attack.

Walker now assumed command of his father's band, turned his back on the Ute nation, and went to live for two years with the Paiutes, far to the south and west of Utah Lake. He took with him his father's harem of wives and also his numerous progeny. But months later he led his people back to their native valleys and here began to gather around him the band that would ride with him in raids both north and south.



Chief Walker



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CHIEF WALKER

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Peter Gottfredson said in his *History of Indian Depredations in Utah*, p. 317-318, Salt Lake City, 1919) that "Wahker was one of the shrewdest of men. He was a natural man, read from nature's books. He was fond of liquor, but when in liquor you could not get him to make a trade.

"When he was about twenty-five years of age he had a vision in which he thought he died and went to heaven. The Lord told him he could not stay in heaven for there would come a race of white men who would be friendly and he must remain on earth and treat them kindly."

Walker did not entirely live up to this advice, but he was tempered by it when he dealt with the Mormons. And he somehow felt that the Mormons were the white men the "Big Hats" (Father Escalante) had spoken of. Many were the fireside stories he had heard concerning the long-robed men who said they would return to these mountains and teach the Indians of God.

In due time Walker, six foot tall with pointed nose and chin, became a man of wealth and stature, commandeering hundreds of horses and dealing with many slaves. He headed a band of riders who raided tribes of Indians with whom they were at war — the Shoshonies or Snakes on the north, the Piedes and Paiutes on the west. They took women and children or killed the parents and took the children, hauled them to the Navahoes at the Colorado or into Mexico and traded them for horses. A woman or a child, sought by the Mexicans or Spaniards for slaves, could be traded for a horse. Walker took the horses north and traded them for whiskey, gold, ammunition, guns or skins and pelts.

Sometimes he organized great raids upon the Mexican horses feeding on the Rancheros of Southern California. And he took pains to include the silvered and brocaded saddles which went with the animals.

Charles B. Hancock and his brother, George, who later settled in Payson, had contact with these Indians while in California completing their one-year enlistment with the Mormon Battalion.

They made the march across the plains and the mountains from the great Missouri with the army of the United States. In the war with Mexico, Brigham Young had promised them that "we'd have battles with wild beasts and Indians but no bullets would be fired at us." It had proved so. Charles Hancock wrote that they "arrived within sight of the great western sea on the 27th of January, 1847, and remained there until their enlistment expired July 6, 1847."

In a sketch of his life, Mr. Hancock said:

The Utah Indians who had been making raids in California, headed by their chief, Jim Walker, and his braves came and encamped at Los Angeles a few days while we were there. They made a successful raid, and their way out was by way of Cahoun or Cajon Pass, sixty miles from Los Angeles. It was only accessible for loose animals because of its steepness and narrow trail.

We guarded this pass for some three weeks thinking the Indians would come back for a new supply. I learned from a Spaniard that these Indians were in dread of all other tribes in the mountains and Mexico, Arizona and California and that their homes were far away in the mountains where there was big water, much fish, and a big water of salt and a little water of salt. And that they were a roving tribe, plundering where they went. And the Californians had offered a thousand dollars for their chief's scalp.

Hancock said, "These Indians were Utahs, their headquarters and council grounds is now called Payson, Utah."

Walker made his power a kind of terrorism, not hesitating to take the life of anyone for even a trivial offense, says Eleanor Lawrence in *Touring Topics*, (May, 1932, p. 18). The Paiutes, she said, universally detested him and all agreed that he deserved death, but none could be found courageous enough to attempt its accomplishment. And the warriors he rode with were as young reckless and devoid of fear as their chieftain.

To the Californios who reckoned with his incursions on their ranchos, he became known as the greatest horse-thief in history. To the Mexicans he was the foremost trafficker in Indian slaves. To the mountain men and trappers he was one chief to count as an ally rather than foe, and to the Mormons who settled in the valleys of his birthright, he was a generous friend and a bitter enemy.

He had allowed the "Mormonees" to settle on his land. They could have the land, there was much of it. But they took command of the streams wherein were the fish that he and his people needed for food, and the beaver whose hides could be bartered to the white traders for wanted items. He had not counted on this.

They interfered with his slave-trade and said it was wrong to deal in human flesh. And they showed him The Book of Mormon that told of the great white god and of ancestors who were brothers to both the Indians and the white men.

For a time Walker listened to the preachings of the whites. He was "dipped" in the creek at Manti (See *Journal History* under date of Mar. 24, 1850) and baptized a member of the Mormon Church. He became an elder in the church along with Sowiette,

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Arapeen and Unhoquitch, (*Journal History*, date June 9, 1851). He was a "good" Indian. But he had been stripped of the habits he had known all of his life. He stood in poverty. He had ceased his slave-trade. He had no horses with which to barter with the white traders. His people took to begging from the white men. Their habits grew slovenly.

Walkara saw the turn of events. He knew his people could not live as the white men lived. He waited and watched for an opportune time to turn the leaf.

Finally, in the early spring of 1853 an Indian was killed by a white man in a squabble over a trade of fish for flour at Springville. The Indians retaliated by killing a white man at Payson and like a flash of tinder the Walker War was on. The war lasted well over a year, the Indians fighting in surprise raids and attacks, killing the whites they found outside their forts, running off their stock and burning their mills. The war was concluded when Brigham Young rode into Walker's camp near Nephi and a treaty of peace was declared on May 23, 1854.

But Walker was finished. Within a year he became ill. There were pains in his chest, a numbness in his legs, and a feeling of great weariness and sadness in his mind. They were wintering at Parowan, when suddenly on December 26th he ordered a return to the valley of San Pete. In his mind had come the dark whisper he was going to die. Not waiting for the warm spring that was ahead, they packed and started out, traveled a few miles and then stopped at Meadow Creek.

Here they were met by Davis Lewis, a Mormon, with a letter and some presents from Brigham Young. Lewis wrote President Young of the meeting:

I arrived at Fillmore on the 28th inst., and started next morning for Walker's lodge, and met the Utah's coming with Walker and supporting him on a horse. He held out his hand and shook hands and seemed very glad to see me. He asked if Brigham talked good. I told him that Brother Brigham talked very good. . . I showed him the letter you sent to him, and gave him all the articles you sent him. He seemed greatly pleased and wanted me to come next morning to Meadow Creek and read the letter to him. . . He died during the night, but his last words to his people were not to kill the Mormon's cattle, nor steal from them. He was in his senses, and greatly desired to live. He possessed a good spirit and shook hands twice with me. As I was starting for the Fort he pressed my hand, and said 'come and see me again tomorrow, for I wish to have a long talk with you, but I am too sick to talk now.' (Letter from David Lewis to Brigham Young. Quoted extenso in *Journal History* under date of Jan. 29, 1855)

Walker, in his last breaths, had demanded a burial in keeping with his greatness — with his two faithful wives, with representatives of those who were his friends, and plenty of horses and cattle.

And so after a night of ceremonial mourning he was buried high on the mountain side at a place overlooking Utah valleys he had loved. With him were buried his two squaws who would comfort him on his journey, food, rifles, bows and arrows, and Brigham's presents of the day before, and fifteen horses they had slaughtered. Also two live Pie-de children, a boy and girl, who were placed under pine limbs and rocks spaced so as air could keep the children alive during the time that Walkara was passing into the land of mystery.

"Three days after, as some Indians were riding by, the boy called out to them and asked to be let out. He said Wah-ker began to stink and he was hungry. They laughed at him and rode on." (Quoted largely from Paul Bailey, *Wakara, Hawk of the Mountains*, Los Angeles, Calif.: Westernlore Press)

Walkers' Flat became valuable to the pioneers, who grazed their livestock on the grass, sage and sunflowers that grew in abundance. Through mutual agreement, men who lived on the west side of Payson turned their stock into the south end of the flat, those living on the east side used the north end. The herders sometimes played baseball to pass the time, and some excellent players were developed there.

Charles Brewerton, who owned a home and store in Payson, built a cabin on the flat and in the 1880's claimed the land through the Homestead Act. He later sold out to Charles Depew. Depew, Riley Patten and Harvey Amos each homesteaded a quarter section or 120 acres of land.

In 1941 Depew sold his ranch and the ranch house near the creek to his daughter, Fay, and her husband, Marion Elmer. To preserve his water right, Elmer found it necessary to prove that others had watered stock in the creek before him. He located Joseph W. Bates, John Done and Fred Tanner who affirmed the existence of the cooperative pasture.

Since 1970 the Elmers have seen neighbors on the flat for the first time. Their married daughters, Kathryn and Sharon, and their son, Layne, have built homes nearby, and Dr. Robert Hogan has moved into a home located above the old road. This pioneer road skirted the west side of the flat and led high into the canyon. About 1928 it was moved to a more centrally located route on the flat.

CHAPTER IX

THE WALKER WAR

The shot that started the Walker War was fired in Payson, Utah, but the trouble between the Indians and the white men had been brewing for some time.

The Mormons had appeased the savages through their policy of "feeding rather than fighting," as advised by their leader, Brigham Young. Chief Walker with Chief Arapeen, his brother, had been baptized in the creek at Manti by Bishop Morley on March 13, 1850. He had become an elder in the church. He had been a "good" Indian and a friend to Brigham Young.

But when the Mormons tried to put a stop to Walker's lucrative practice of stealing women and children and trading them as slaves for horses and guns and ammunition, they finally found cause for bloodshed.

Walker had allowed the Mormons to have the land, but he had not given them the streams with their fish and beaver. He had not reckoned with the fact that the white men would fence the land into little squares and tell him to keep out. He had not known they would build forts as strongholds against him and his men.

Then, too, he was dissatisfied when he found that though he was treated as an equal of Brigham Young (he, too, was a great leader of men) he was not allowed to have a white woman as one of his squaws. And the white men were so ill-mannered as to refrain from offering him a white woman to share his teepee while he visited among them. For long years it had been the custom of the Indians to allow a visitor his choice of the squaws in camp for the duration of the visit.

And so when the white men killed one of his braves in an argument over a trade of fish for flour, not more than a half mile from Walker's camp on the Hobble Creek, the Indians grasped the incident as a cause for war. It ended almost a year later when Brigham Young led a peace mission into Walker's camp near Nephi, Juab County. Here are the facts.

James Ivie, his wife and child, lived in a cabin located on the north of Springville. On July 1, 1853, an Indian woman and an Indian buck called at the door of the cabin, indicating they wanted to trade fish for flour.

The three fish they carried were large and fresh.

and the white woman did not know how much flour she should give in exchange for the fish. She sought her husband, digging a well nearby. He entered the cabin and declared three quarts of flour, which was very scarce, would be a fair exchange. The Indian buck stood looking on but took little part in the deal.

The exchange was made. The Indian woman accepted the flour and Mrs. Ivie took the fish from her. Ivie returned to his work at the well.

At this point two more Indians appeared, one of whom seemed to be the husband of the squaw. He entered the cabin and leaned his gun inside the door. He was shown the small amount of flour his woman had received in exchange for the fish and chided her for what he considered a poor bargain. His rage increased until he struck her, then knocked her down and tramped her with his feet.

Mrs. Ivie witnessed the fight that was taking place in her cabin. She ran for her husband, who came at once and pulled the Indian from the woman, who lay unconscious on the floor.

Then he tried to push the Indian out of the house, but as he did so the Indian grasped the gun he had left at the door and tried to get into position to fire at Ivie. Ivie reached for the muzzle of the gun and in the struggle the gun broke in half. With his half of the gun Ivie dealt the Indian such a heavy blow that the red man fell to the floor, apparently dead.

The second of the two Indians who had come to the cabin after the fish-flour exchange now moved into action. He drew his bow and shot an arrow that passed through the sleeve of Ivie's hunting shirt.

Again Ivie used the broken gun which he still held in his hand. The second Indian fell beside the body of the first.

The squaw, who had recovered consciousness, took action now. This time she came not as a husband-beaten wife, but as an avenger of her beaten mate. In her hand she held a piece of wood she had found near the fireplace. With it she struck Ivie across the face. He again used the gun barrel to protect himself. The scar from the blow inflicted on his face remained until his death some 13 years later, when he was killed at Round Valley, Millard County, in the Black Hawk War.

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THE WALKER WAR

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The squaw and the second downed Indian soon recovered, but the husband of the squaw was mortally wounded and died within a few hours.

Now the Indian who had initially come to the cabin with the squaw saw the turn of events and dispatched himself to inform Chief Walker of the tragedy.

Walker had long wished to make war on the whites. He had previously been beaten with a whip in the hands of his brother, Chief Sowiette, when Walker had wanted to wipe out the whites.

Now Walker heard the pleas of Bishop Aaron Johnson of Springville when he tried to settle matters peaceably. Through his interpreter, William Smith, he offered ponies, beef, flour and blankets. Walker refused to settle unless Ivie was given up to be tried by the Indians. This Johnson refused to do. Walker now declared he would not rest until every white man was exterminated.

After the killing, Walker broke camp and left Spring Creek, taking with him his followers, squaws and children. They skirted the colony at Payson and went directly to their camp in Payson Canyon.

Others of his tribe joined Arapeen and his followers, who had already made a stir at Payson. It was Sunday, July 18, 1853, and Joseph Curtis wrote in his diary: "Arapeen here and partook of the sacrament. The Indians some excited, indications of hostilities." At dusk, as was customary, they were asked to leave.

As they headed south toward the canyon, one of the tribe stopped at the cabin of James and Cynthia McClellan at the southeast corner of the fort. He was admitted by Mrs. McClellan, whose sick child, Sarah, lay asleep on a bed in a corner of the room. It was not uncommon for Indians to stop and ask for food, and Mrs. McClellan prepared and placed the food on the table for him. She also lighted a candle from the fire in the grate and placed it on the table. She said the Indian acted sullen, angry. He finished the meal, arose and walked out, mounted his horse and left.

Because of the unsettled conditions, a guard had been posted several hundred feet outside the fort. Merlin Plumb and Alexander Keele were detailed to come on guard in the south or upper part of the settlement. Plumb was to stand the first watch and Keele the latter. However, Keele proposed to exchange the watches, as he chose the forepart of the night. Plumb, having no objections, accepted and Keele accordingly took his place at dusk.

Now the Indian approached them, his gun lying carelessly across the neck of his horse. Suddenly a shot rang out in the still mountain air. Then there was a deathlike silence. The settlers quickly came upon the scene and found Alexander Keele dead of a gunshot wound. (One account states there were two Indians on the horse.)

Col. Charles B. Hancock of Payson said in his biography:

The night before, I went to the Indian camp and was held for two hours not knowing what my fate would be, as it was under discussion by the war chief (Walker) and the peace chief (Arapeen). I was finally released if I would make a trip to Salt Lake City and back and try to make peace on Indian terms. One hundred and fifty miles could not be made with a single team unfed and Indian treachery prevailed.

Evidently Hancock did not make the trip to Salt Lake City. The guard, Alexander Keele, was killed the following night. Bishop Franklin Young recorded six years later that it was Chief Arapeen who fired the shot, taking the information from the Curtis journal and from personal interview with the settlers.

After the shooting the Indians fled to the canyons and the next morning fired at some of the settlers who working at the sawmills. Pardon Nebb, who built the first sawmill in Payson Canyon, and his family, including Wesley Webb, escaped without injury. J. F. Bellows and others had gone to get wood out of the canyon. Among those in the canyon were W. C. McClellan, B. F. Stewart and family, James E. Daniels, as well as Walter, Louis and J. T. Barney. George and Joseph Curtis volunteered to drive their lumber wagon to the canyon and warn them of the danger. All returned safely. (Memories That Live, p. 434-5).

Among the papers of historian Aurora Wilson we find a notation stating that "when the Indians surrounded the mill in Payson Canyon, Wm. C. McClellan slipped out through the Gooseneck and told the Minute Men, who responded and were in the canyon within 30 minutes." Joseph Bates Sr. served as Lieutenant Colonel in this unit.

In the excitement at the mills it is said that Walter Barney ran half the day or more and in his flight threw away his shoes, hoping to leave less tracks for the Indians to follow. He then tore his shirt into pieces and wrapped it around his feet.

A day later Col. Hancock, together with twelve or fifteen men, went up the canyon in hopes of finding the Indians and chastising them.

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They found their camp and the fires yet burning, but they did not find the Indians. Sometime afterward they learned through a friendly Indian that the red men had laid an ambush and if they had continued but a few rods further they would have found themselves surrounded by a hundred or more warriors. Bishop Franklin Young, using Joseph Curtis' journal, wrote six years later that it was Arapeen's warriors. Peter Gottfredson many years later wrote that it was Walker's warriors (*Indian Depredations in Utah*)

Immediately after the killing, the fort was in an uproar. Two express riders were sent to Spanish Fork and Springville to pass the alarm to headquarters.

Silas Hillman said,

We gathered our families together in the schoolhouse. Myself, with sixteen or seventeen others, then started for Payson, the seat of the war, as the express stated that the people of Payson were expecting every minute that the Indians would attack them. Our horses were out on the range, consequently we had to take it on foot, because we could not get them in the night.

The next morning after we arrived, Captain Mathew Caldwell, with his company of mounted men, arrived from Springville, and we took up a line of march for Payson Canyon. We discovered that the Indians had retreated back into the mountains, and that the men who were working at the mills had made a narrow escape with their lives. The smoke of the Indians' campfires was there, but no Indians. (*Tullidges Magazine*, Vol. 3, p. 154)

The Indians, after firing at the settlers at the sawmill, rode through the canyon to Pleasant Creek (Mt. Pleasant) and there fired on the guard. The next day, July 20, they fired on the guard at Nephi and drove off some cattle. They then took their women and children to the mountains east of Manti and prepared for war.

A few days after the killing, July 23, P. W. Conover's company of militia was sent out of Provo to help the weaker settlements. Finding no disturbances at Springville, Spanish Fork, Payson or Salem, they went on to Pleasant Creek, where they had an engagement with the Indians in which six savages were killed.

Log houses at Payson were torn down and moved into fort style, side-by-side, in an area some sixty rods square. Immediate plans were made to build a stronger fort wall out of mud and rocks.

Every man in the colony was expected to stand guard one night out of three and no one was allowed to leave the place except by special permission. Roll call was held every day at sundown in

the town square and a militia was organized in which every man from Lehi south to Santaquin was required to serve.

Historical papers kept by Aurora N. Wilson state that military drills were held in the mornings, when sunlight caught the metal on the arms the men carried. This was to allow Indians watching from the foothills to see the maneuvering and take warning.

Most of the stock was herded into the fort at night, but in spite of this the Indians stole a great many cattle and horses during the summer and fall of 1853. Strict military guard was kept day and night. This heavy obligation coupled with tearing down and re-building houses and yards, together with harvesting, haying, threshing, etc., created trying times.

All travel between settlements was under heavy guard. Men tilled the soil with guns close at hand.

Frequently the settlers would hear the warning, "The Indians are coming!" Then they would assemble in the schoolhouse to spend the night in hushed silence. Sometimes they sat up all night on hard slab benches, children on their mother's lap or seated on the floor leaning against their mother's knee. A woman, Elizabeth Daniels, is said to have walked the floor all night with a baby under either arm, keeping them from crying out and giving notice of the hiding place. Windows were shunned on moonlight nights.

This kind of experience continued from July until it was so cold they "almost froze." Sick people were often carried into the cold house on cots, many crying out, asking to be saved from the Indians.

Some said the fright was more terrible than the actual danger. A man was so affected that on August 28, 1853, he was said to have been "possessed of devils" and was insane to the day of his death many years later.

The Indians, too, suffered losses. Local pioneers said they found graves of several warriors alongside a mountain trail. The trail led over the mountain from Spring Lake into an area below Walkers' Flat.

Walker vowed there would be no peace until the last of the whites were exterminated. The Indians made raids upon cattle, stole horses from the

and security

Two-pointing match, 25-17, Saturday
The Cougars dropped to 5-
and meets as senior Justin
112 and junior Morgan

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meadows. They raided the settlements in counties of Utah, San Juan, Sanpete, Millard and Iron during the summer and fall of 1853 and into 1854.

The pioneers did what they could to protect themselves. Crops that had been planted in the spring must be harvested in the fall. To work in safety, companies were organized to gather crops from one field at a time, each man to carry his gun.

On October 14, 1853, they went to fields near Santaquin to gather squash, which would be cut and dried for winter use. Instead of staying together as ordered, they separated with two or three men working in a single field.

At noon, some of them sat down near some willows to wait for the others. Charles Hancock noticed a movement in some nearby shrubbery. He watched for a few seconds, then saw an Indian dog come out. Thinking it to be a wolf, he reached for his gun and fired. The Indians, hidden in the bushes, believed they had been discovered and with a war whoop, advanced toward the white men. Ferney Tindel (Zundell?) was fatally wounded when an arrow pierced his breastbone. The Indians then beat him over the back and arms and finally scalped him. As they made their escape, they killed a yoke of oxen.

Jonathan Davis seized Levi Colvin's horse, the famous Traveler, and rode to Payson to give the alarm at William McClellan's headquarters for the militia. Mr. Box blew his horn and beat the drum that summoned the men to arms. In a short time a wagon with sufficient men was ready. Half rode in the wagon with the ammunition and the others ran behind. They arrived after the Indians had departed. All returned safely except poor Mr. Tindel.

In another instance Hyrum Spencer and Alto Davis and others went to Santaquin to get some current bushes. An Indian came to them and asked for food which was given to them. The Indian then told them to hurry home, for there was trouble there. They arrived just after Jonathan Davis had a skirmish with an Indian over an Indian dog and some sheep belonging to McClellan. The Indian had a knife raised to stab Davis, when Davis took it from him, thus saving his own life.

Once Jonathan Page and John Sheffield were in their fields near Santaquin, when an Indian ran after them. They ran all the way to Payson. The Indian called them Shinolt, which means God, because they could outrun arrows. (Aurora Wilson papers)

But at last a sign came that the Indians were tiring of war. In the early spring of '54 the Utes sent Bowlegs, under command of Peteetneet, to consult with the white men. With him were 14 head of stolen cattle which he offered as a peace token. But the raids continued.

In February of 1854 Capt. Charles B. Hancock of Payson captured two Indians, one a son of Peteetneet. He held the chief's son as hostage and sent the other to the tribe with a message that the son was being held until an interview could be arranged with Peteetneet.

Chief Peteetneet visited the Payson fort the morning after he received the message from Hancock. A consultation was held and terms of peace were agreed upon.

Hancock, bishop of the single LDS ward in Payson, as well as an officer in the militia, had documents authorizing him to contract peace on any terms, and he would be backed by the Governor of Utah. He wrote later, "I finally made a peace the fall of 1854 at a great risk of life and property, saw that peace was proclaimed by Indians and whites throughout the mountain country, but I never could get one cent from the Governor as agreed upon."

Capt. Hancock wrote in *A Short Sketch of the Adams and Hancock Families*:

In 1855 I was ordered to go in search of some Indians who were committing depredations. I took twelve men and searched in the mountains all day without success. My men left for home. I, finding an Indian track made after a recent shower of rain, and it being near night, I thought their camp not far off. I followed the track and found the camp. It being just dark I repaired to our own camp, it being ten miles away, and made the report to my officers privately.

They wanted to surprise them at the break of day. That morning I led the way and accomplished the design, then the company was out of my care. The Indians came out and begged for quarters. I went among them and said, "We don't want to fight you, we want you to go home with us, live in peace and quit your stealing and work as we do. They said they would.

"I laid my gun on the ground and many laid their's on mine, and all bid fair for a general conciliation for peace. Tobacco was being rubbed for smoking. Our main commander, being off his post, came rushing up excitedly, called for the Indians to surrender at once or the penalty of death would be inflicted.

"Every Indian sprang for his gun and fire was ordered. While I was among the Indians a bullet grazed my head leaving my head bare. I thought it best to lay low and let both parties shoot over me. Soon all was silent. The Indians ran into the cane and brush, having the entire advantage. I advised the commander to go home and be ashamed of what was done. We went home."

PETEETNEET TOWN, A HISTORY OF PAYSON, UTAH

Indian troubles continued until the Indians met the whites at the south end of Utah Lake in what is generally spoken of as the Goshen Valley Battle. The fight lasted about three hours with the troops taking the Indian camp. Nine Indians were killed. Some of the troops were shot, but none mortally.

This is believed to have been the last engagement of the Walker War. The pipe of peace would soon be smoked. On May 10, 1854, Joseph Curtis wrote in his journal, "President Young stayed here all night enroute to the southern settlements."

A detailed account of the meeting of the Mormon leader and the Indians and the resulting treaty is found in a volume, *Travels and Adventures in the Far West* by Solomon N. Carvalho, p. 188-195. He was traveling with Col. J. C. Fremont's Fifth Expedition (1853-54) when he fell ill and wintered in Salt Lake City, then went south with Brigham Young in May, perhaps hoping to rejoin Fremont at a later date.

Carvalho wrote:

The camp-ground or village where Wakara permanently resides, when not traveling, is situated about one mile off the main road, from the city of Nephi, to the Sevier River.

Governor Young made extensive preparations for this treaty. A large cavalcade accompanied him from Great Salt Lake City, composed of Heber C. Kimball, Wilford Woodruff, John Taylor, Ezra T. Benson, Lorenzo Young, Erasmus Snow, Parley Pratt (his apostles and advisers) together with about fifty mounted men, and one hundred wagons and teams filled with gentlemen, with their wives and families.

This was an imposing traveling party, all following in regular succession: taking the word of command from the leading wagon, in which rode Governor Brigham Young. One of his wives, an accomplished and beautiful lady, made her husband's coffee and cooked his meals for him at every camp, thus making herself a most useful appendage to the camp equipage, as well as an affectionate and loving companion to her spiritual lord while traveling. I sometimes formed a third party on the road, and frequently had my seat at their primitive table, which was, in fine weather, a clean white cloth, spread over the grass; or, in rainy weather, a movable table was arranged in the wagon. Venison, beef, coffee, eggs, pies, etc., were served at every meal.

I have often stopped at the top of some commanding eminence, to see this immense cavalcade, lengthened out over a mile, winding leisurely along the side of a mountain, or trotting blithely in the hollow of some of the beautiful valleys through which we passed, to the sound of musical choruses of the whole party, sometimes ending with

"I never knew what joy was

Till I became a Mormon."

to the tune of "Bonny Breastknots." Certainly, a more joyous, happy, free-from-care, and good-hearted people, I never sojourned among. When the cavalcade

arrived on the road opposite to Walker's Camp, Governor Young sent a deputation to inform Wakara that he had arrived, and would be ready to give him an audience at a certain hour, that day.

Wakara sent word back to say, "If Governor Young wanted to see him, he must come to him at his camp, as he did not intend to leave to see anybody."

When this message was delivered to Governor Young, he gave orders for the whole cavalcade to proceed to Wakara's camp — "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain."

The Governor was under the impression that Walker had changed his mind, and intended to continue the war, and for that reason declined to meet him. But old Wakara was a king, and a great chief. He stood upon the dignity of his position, and feeling himself the representative of an aggrieved and much injured people, acted as though a cessation of hostilities by the Indians was to be solicited on the part of the whites, and he felt great indifference about the result.

Governor Young, at the expense of the people of Utah, brought with him sixteen head of cattle, blankets and clothing, trinkets, arms and ammunition. I expressed much astonishment, that arms and ammunition should be furnished the Indians. His excellency told me that from their contiguity to the immigrant road, they possessed themselves of arms in exchange and trade, from American travelers. And as it was the object of the Mormons to protect, as much as possible, their people from the aggressions of the Indians, and also from the continual descent upon their towns — begging for food, and stealing when it was not given, he thought it more advisable to furnish them with the means of shooting their own game. The Utah Indians possess rifles of the first quality. All the chiefs are provided with them, and many of the Indians are most expert in their use.

When we approached Wakara's Camp, we found a number of chiefs, mounted as a guard of honor around his own lodge, which was in the center of the camp, among whom were Wakara and about fifteen old chiefs, including Ammon, Squash-Head, Grosepine, Petetnit, Kanashe, (the chief of the Parvains), a San Pete chief and other celebrated Indians. The governor and council were invited into Wakara's lodge, and at the request of his excellency, I accompanied them. Wakara sat on his buffalo-robe, wrapped in his blanket, with the old chiefs around him; he did not rise, but held out his hand to Governor Young, and made room for him by his side.

After the ceremony of shaking hands all round was concluded, our interpreter, Mr. Huntington, made known the object of the Governor's visit, and hoped that the calumet of peace would be smoked, and no more cause be given on either side for a continuation of ill-feeling, etc.

For five minutes intense silence prevailed, when an old gray-headed Utah chief got up, and in the effort, his blanket slipped from his body, displaying innumerable marks or wounds and scars. Stretching aloft his almost fleshless arm, he spoke as follows:

"I am for war, I never will lay down my rifle, and tomahawk. Americats have not truth — Americats kill Indian plenty — Americats see Indian woman, he

and secure
service by
this limit.

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shoot her like deer — Americats no meet Indian to fight, he have no mercy — one year gone, Mormon say, they no kill more Indian — Mormon no tell truth, plenty Utahs gone to Great Spirit, Mormon kill them — no friend to Americats more."

The chief of the San Pete Indians arose, and the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks as he gave utterance to his grievances:

"My son," he said, "was a brave chief, he was so good to his old father and mother — one day Wa-yo-sha was hunting rabbits as food for his old parents — the rifle of the white man killed him. When the night came, and he was still absent, his old mother went to look for her son; she walked a long way through the thick bushes; at the dawn of day, the mother and the son were both away, and the infirm and aged warrior was lonely; he followed the trail of his wife in the bush, and there he found the mother of his child, lying over the body of Wa-yo-sha, both dead from the same bullet. The old woman met her son, and while they were returning home, a bullet from the rifle of Americats shot them both down." He added, "Old San Pete no can fight more, his hand trembles, his eyes are dim, the murderer of his wife and brave Wa-yo-sha, is still living. San Pete no make peace with Americats."

The old warrior sank down exhausted on his blanket. Wakara remained perfectly silent.

Governor Young asked him to talk, he shook his head, "no." After the rest had spoken, some of whom were for peace, Wakara said, "I got no heart to speak — no can talk today — tonight Wakara talk with great spirit, tomorrow Wakara talk with Governor."

Governor Young then handed him a pipe, Wakara took it and gave one or two whiffs, and told the Governor to smoke, which he did, and passed it around to all the party; this ended the first interview.

An ox was slaughtered by the orders of Gov. Young, and the whole camp were regaled with fresh beef that evening. I made a sketch of Wakara during the time that he sat in council. I also made a likeness of Kanosh, the chief of the Parvain Indians.

The next morning the council again assembled, and the Governor commenced by telling the chiefs, that he wanted to be friend with all the Indians; he loved them like a father, and would always give them plenty of clothes, and good food, provided they did not fight, and slay any more white men. He brought as presents to them, sixteen head of oxen, besides a large lot of clothing and considerable ammunition. The oxen were all driven into Wakara's camp, and the sight of them made the chiefs feel more friendly.

Wakara, a man of imposing appearance, was on this occasion, attired with only a deer-skin hunting shirt, although it was very cold; his blue blanket lay at his side; he looked care-worn and haggard, and spoke as follows:

"Wakara has heard all the talk of the good Mormon Chief. Wakara no like to go to war with him. Sometimes Wakara take his young men, and go far away, to sell horses. When he is absent, then Americats come and kill his wife and children. Why not come and fight when Wakara is at home? Wakara is accused of killing Capt. Gunnison, Wakara did not; Wakara was

three hundred miles away when the Merecats chief was slain. Merecats soldier hunt Wakara, to kill him, but no find him. Wakara hear it; Wakara come home. Why not Merecats take Wakara? He is not armed. Wakara heart very sore. Merecats kill Parvain Indian Chief, and Parvain woman. Parvain young men watch for Merecats, and kill them, because Great Spirit say — 'Merecats kill Indian'; 'Indian kill Merecats'.

"Wakara not want to fight more. Wakara talk with Great Spirit; Great Spirit say — 'Make peace'. Wakara love Mormon chief; he is good man. When Mormon first come to live on Wakara's land, Wakara give him welcome. He give Wakara plenty bread, and clothes to cover his wife and children. Wakara no want to fight Mormon; Wakara talk last night to Payede, to Kanutah, San Pete, Parvain — all Indian say, 'No fight Mormon or Merecats more'. If Indian kill white man again, Wakara make Indian howl."

The calumet of peace was again handed around, and all the party took a smoke. The council was then dissolved. The date was May 23, 1854.

Governor Young intended to visit all settlements to the south as far as Harmony City. Wakara told his excellency that "he and his chiefs would accompany him all the way and back, as a body-guard." Grosepine, Ammon, Squash-head, Wakara and wife, Conoshe and his wife, and about thirty young Indian men, all mounted on splendid horses, got ready to accompany the Governor's party. During the day a great many presents were distributed.

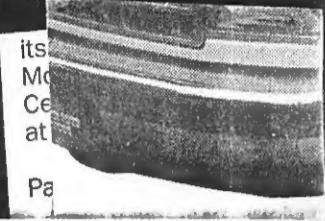
Thus ended the account of the treaty of peace written by Solomon N. Carvalho, who was traveling with Brigham Young and his party.

But Carvalho went on to mention an incident concerning Indian children stolen by Wakara. He wrote,

When I returned to our camp (after the peace had been declared but before the party started south) I saw a crowd around the Governor's wagon. I approached and found that his excellency had just concluded a purchase from the Utahs of two Indian children about two to three years of age. They were prisoners and infants of the Snake Indians, with whom the Utahs were at war.

When the Governor first saw these deplorable objects, they were on the open snow, digging with their little fingers for grass-nuts, or any roots to afford sustenance. They were usually treated in this way — that is, literally starved to death by their captors. Governor Young intended to send them to Salt Lake City and have them cared for and educated like his own children. I never saw a more pitiful sight than those two naked infants, in bitter cold weather, on the open snow, reduced by starvation to the verge of the grave — no not the grave, for if they had died they would have been thrown on the common for the wolves to devour!

Immediately after the peace talk in which the Indians agreed to stop their slave-trade, cease taking scalps and raiding the settlements, and the whites agreed to give good advice and employment



to the reds, a tract of land was opened as an Indian Reservation or Indian Farm.

It was located north of Payson and Benjamin, several miles west of Spanish Fork on a plot of ground situated generally on the west side of Spanish Fork River. Later the site became the farming communities of Leland and Lake Shore. Many skeletons, beads and trinkets were found here when roads and homes were built.

Brigham Young, then serving as Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Utah, appointed Joseph Ellison Beck to supervise the farm. Settlers from Payson and other towns were called to teach the Indians to cultivate and irrigate the land and to teach them to work.

A year after establishment of the farm the federal government sent Dr. Garland Hunt to Utah as Indian Agent, replacing Brigham Young. Mr. Beck continued for a time as farm supervisor.

A two-story house served as a home for the supervisors and also as a trading post. Provisions were sent from Salt Lake City and stored in the upper story of the house, then sold or traded or rationed to the Indians.

During the summer of 1859 two thousand, five hundred (2500) bushels of wheat were raised on the project.

Bishop Butler of Spanish Fork wrote,

Uncle Sam sent an Indian agent out here and he raised a large amount of grain and corn and gave some of it to the Indians. He was supplied with money and goods from the government to pay hired hands for labor. He bought cattle and cows until he had a herd of about five or six thousand head. He did a great deal of good in giving employment to about fifty hands, which put a little money into circulation.

Charles Hancock was less generous in his description of the agent. He said,

Indian hostilities were greatly kindled in Payson by one Dr. Hurt, who held the agency there under direction of the Governor of Utah. (This was 1858. Hancock had been LDS bishop since 1855.)

He bought stock, goods and grain, called in the Utes, arming them to oppose the Mormons and defend the approaching army (Johnston's Army). I had again a heavy risk of life and property, being nigh unto battle by Indians and being betrayed by my own party. But luckily the agent took flight through the mountains to the army and had the pleasure of wintering out with them at Bridger."

For some nine years there was comparative peace in the area, then the Indians began to feel dissatisfied. They claimed the white men were taking too much of their grass, too much of their fish and rabbits and deer.

Then on June 8, 1865, another treaty was effected when the Indians and the whites gathered at the Reservation. Col. Irish, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, together with Brigham Young and some 15 Indian chiefs were there.

The treaty stipulated the Indians were to withdraw from Utah Valley within a year and take up residence on the Indian Reservation in Uintah County. They government promised to protect them, furnish them with homes and employment and pay yearly sums to chiefs to be distributed among the tribes.

An act of Congress extinguished Indian title to certain lands including the Spanish Fork Reservation (or farm) and the land was opened to homesteading in 1865. Benjamin Franklin Stewart, Andrew Jackson Stewart and others from Payson made the survey. Many Mormons moved to the property and "proved up" to become full owners of the farm land.

The Salt Lake Herald stated on August 21, 1872, that "Chiefs Tabby, Douglass, To-quona, Won-da-ro-des, Antero and John of Konosh's band and Joe of Payson met with the whites to make peace. The Utes agreed to go to the reservation."

Which reservation this meant is open to speculation. Indian farms were established throughout the state at various times. One of these was located at Thistle Valley in Utah County.

Pioneers from towns surrounding the area plowed and planted these farms solely for the benefit of the Indians. John Spencer of Payson was among the Mormon men "called by the church to go to the valley and teach the Indians to farm and do other necessary work."

Mormon V. Selman lived among the Indians at Thistle Valley for some 22 years. Ten of his eleven children were born at Indianola the years from 1882 to 1901. He served as a missionary and teacher. The winter of 1879-80 he taught a school of 25 Indians and a number of white children. They learned to write and spell and add columns of figures. The Indians were of the Sanpitch branch of the Utes. Selman compiled a Dictionary of the Ute Indian Language. It was published by M. H. Graham Printing Co. of Provo, Utah.